Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord.

Rom. No matter, get thee gone, *Exit.*
And hire those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Let's see for meanes. O mischiefe thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I doe remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with over-whelming browes
Culling of simples; meager were his lookes,
Sharpe misery had worne him to the bones,
And in his needy shop a Tortoise hung,
An Allegater stuft, and other skinnes
Of ill shap't fishes, and about his shelves
A beggerly accompt of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders, and mustie seeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old Cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
And if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy-day the beggers shop is shut:
What ho? Apothecary.
Apo. Who calls so loud?
Ro. Come hither man: I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is forty Duckets, let me have
A dram of poyson, such soone-spreading geare
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie taker may fall dead,
And that the truncke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently as hasty-powder fier'd

Doth